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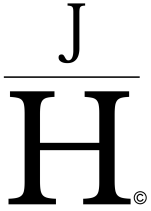
THROUGH THE TRUCK TRAILER WALL

A POEM

Jaiden Hordosillo



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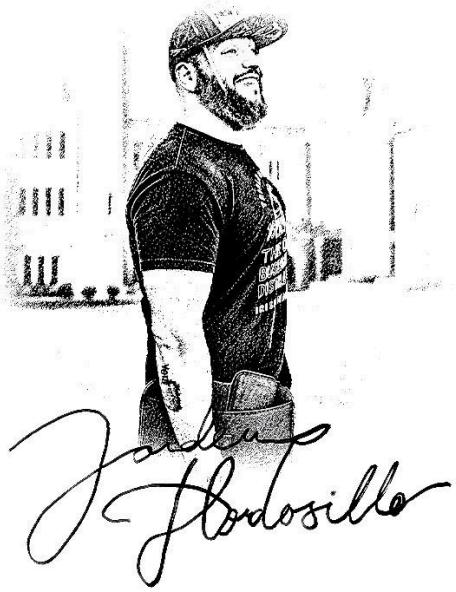

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About the Author

Jaiden Hordosillo is a poet, publisher, and literary scholar based in Durham, North Carolina. His work explores memory, identity, place, and the hidden narratives contained within everyday life. He is the founder and editor of Liminal Window.

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Through the Truck Trailer Wall
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A narrative poem following a captive observer who glimpses fragments of freedom through a small opening in a truck trailer, reflecting on confinement, memory, and human dignity.

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The original film concept revolved around a story told almost entirely from inside a trailer. The audience would see very little. The world would reveal itself only through a small hole in the wall as the trailer moved from place to place.

Poetry allowed me to take that idea further.

A film eventually has to answer questions. It must reveal what is inside the trailer. It must decide who is speaking and why they are there. A poem is afforded a different freedom. It can leave the door partially open. It can invite the reader to participate in the act of creation.

After all, every truck on the highway carries a story. Most simply travel by in the dark, never revealing what is inside. *

Dedicated to all of the souls I've encountered on the blacktop.

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Final Reflection

One of the pleasures of reading this poem aloud is discovering what listeners believe is behind the trailer wall.

On different occasions, I have introduced the poem as though it were about a cow being transported across the country, and suddenly the poem becomes a meditation on industrial farming. Other listeners have imagined a kidnapped child, a refugee, a prisoner, a runaway, or even something supernatural.

I suspect that is why I ultimately prefer the poem to the screenplay that inspired it.

Perspective

Roads have occupied a surprising amount of my life.

As a child, I spent countless hours traveling between states. Later, as a teenager and young adult, I often found myself sleeping in cars, buses, and other temporary places between destinations. Long stretches of highway became familiar. So did the habit of staring through a window and wondering about the lives passing beside me.

One image always seemed to return.

Late at night, when a vehicle settles into pace with a tractor-trailer, there is a moment when the trailer fills your entire view. No

windows. No indication of what is inside. Just a long metal box moving through the darkness. My imagination would inevitably begin inventing stories.

Years ago, that fascination grew into a film concept that I spent time developing and sharing with studios. While people responded positively to the premise, most considered it too great a risk to pursue. The project never moved forward.

Then, after a poetry reading, I found myself driving past an abandoned truck weigh station. The image brought me back to those years of staring at trailers from passing cars and wondering what stories might be concealed inside them. When I sat down to write, the poem arrived quickly. What emerged was not the screenplay I had once imagined, but something quieter and more immediate: a single voice speaking through a small opening in the wall.

I would

feel happy–

if only–

he hadn't–

just paid–

for me. *

I screamed,

battling my bonded seat,

but neither could hear a cry,

over their own glee.

But now I see,

no souls,

that would help me.

Just untamed weeds,

swaying like bleached wheat,

in the high summer heat.

Then–

I see the man,

who is to finally free me.

In many ways, this poem became the story I had been carrying for years, only told in a form I was finally ready to write. *

Through The Truck Trailer Wall

The only light I see,
comes from the small hole,
through which I peek.
I haven't felt free, or
my feet,
in weeks.

Last night,
we parked near the sea,
and I saw a boy and a girl,
in love, as free
as I used to be.